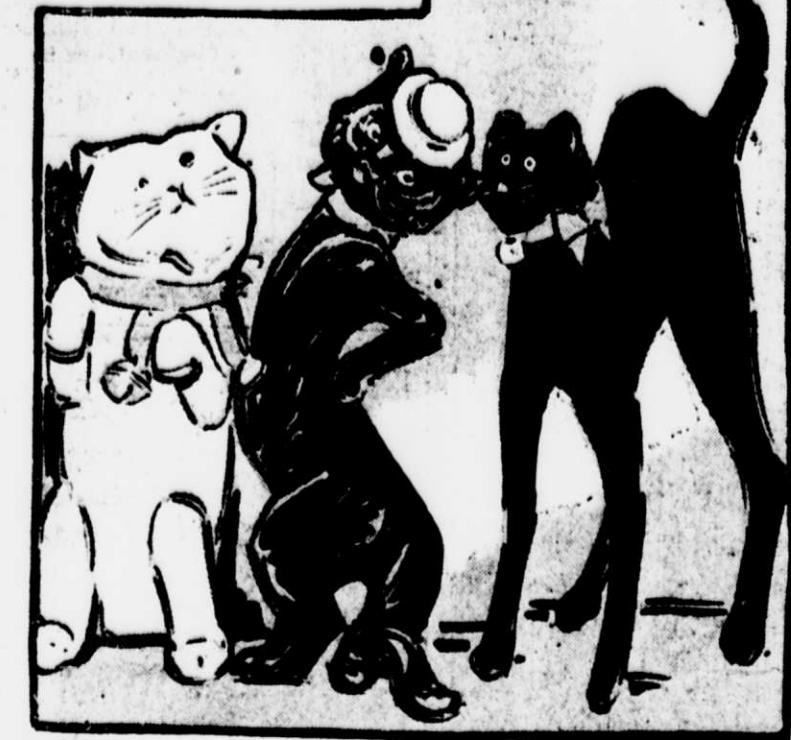


CATS THAT MISSED THE SHOW

VELVET OR CHINA, THEY TALK TO POOR PITTI-SING.

Country Cat That Went and Missed a Prize, Only to Meet Later a New Assortment of City Kitties. Some New Light Thrown on Feline Aristocracy.

Pitti-Sing had been to the cat show and had come home without a prize. Pitti-Sing had seriously objected to being sent to the cat show because in the first place she liked to go where she wanted to go, not where she was sent.



THE WHITE WOOL CAT, THE CAKEWALK CAT AND THE BLACK VELVET CLASS.

This is the nature of cats. In the second place she was a country bred cat and didn't even know what a show was.

She had always been accustomed to climb all the trees in the orchard to their uttermost branches, to dig the mole out from his burrow under the garden path, to watch for Mr. Toad when he came out for his supper at twilight and poke him playfully from side to side, to pretend to catch the chickens to side, to catch the mice and squawk and to sidle up to Gyp, the dog, and slap him comically on the nose. These were the simple country pastimes of Pitti-Sing and were all she desired, though of course when cold weather set in she stayed more in the house, where it was warm, settled down a bit and learned to catch mice.

When one day admiring friends crowded her into a basket and took her on a long journey and then gave her a perfectly disgusting bath in water and rubbed her fur painfully the wrong way until it was dry and then combed it painfully the right way to get the snarl out her confidence in human nature was very much shaken indeed. Things were still worse when they wrapped her up and put her in the basket again and took her to an enormous glaring room with no hiding places in it and put her in a wire cage.

She had never seen much of other cats. She had a few acquaintances with two or three, but no real friendships among them, and here she was face to face with many cats and she felt that there were cats on either side of her. The cats across the way were glorious with fluffy coats, some yellow and some white, like the sun or the full moon, but they turned up their noses dreadfully at Pitti-Sing because, as she learned for the first time, she was a short haired cat. But strange to say a little further down the line were some remarkable looking cats, whose fur was as short as the fur of the mole. Pitti-Sing had caught last summer, and they turned up their noses at her because her fur was too long. She also learned among other things that she was called a queen and was besides a silver tabby and that points were head and ears and eyes and coat and legs and tail and that prizes were bits of ribbons tied upon the cage. Finally she learned that she was

taken home prizeless, though she was in her basket to prowl or sleep as suited her best. This was not Pitti-Sing's real home, but the apartment where her mistress spent the winters, and it was full of new and interesting things.

Tired as she was, Pitti-Sing prowled and inspected every nook and corner and on some shelves at one end of the living room

she saw a group of extraordinary creatures who disturbed her greatly. They looked a little like cats, but certainly not at all like any cats she had ever seen before.

She leaped softly on the window seat and pushed one stealthily with her paw. It was apparently not alive, and feeling a little shy in her new quarters and really very tired she made no further investigations, but gradually curled herself up on the window seat and fell into a doze, at first with an eye watchfully open on the queer catlike objects.

At last she fell into a very sound sleep filled with wild dreams of many cats which made her twitch and wiggle her whiskers. She woke up suddenly late in the night, roused by faint mewings, yowling, hissings and growlings which came from the weird beasts on the shelves at her side.

Miss Nell Colburn is one of the most active real estate agents in Spokane. She had charge of the silverware department in the largest department store in Spokane for five years. Then she decided that she could sell land just as well as silver and get more fun and profit out of it. One of her first achievements was to sell one of the finest residences in Spokane, which had been listed for a long time with every real estate firm in the city. Miss Colburn was an officer of the Spokane Suffrage Club during the recent campaign and the president of that organization, Mrs. A. P. Fassett, was a successful forist.

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Mrs. F. A. Noteware, treasurer of the Washington Political League, the State suffrage organization which had its headquarters in Spokane, is a dealer in real estate and also runs an orchard about ten miles out of the city.

Down at Kennewick, a rapidly growing town born out of the irrigation enterprises of the Columbia Valley, the president of the local suffrage organization was Mrs. Caroline Klitten, cashier and a heavy stockholder in the leading bank. At Kettle Falls, the point at which white settlers first entered the State and where their ancient blockhouse still stands, the suffrage leader was Mrs. W. E. Stayt, who runs the principal hotel in the place.

At Pasco last fall peaches were exhibited in the windows of a real estate office which had an average circumference of 10 inches and some of them were 6 inches in diameter. They came from the Gerry ranch, run by Mr. Robert Gerry. When Mrs. Gerry took up her desert claim of 300 acres she put in an irrigating plant in the spring cleared sixty acres of sagebrush and planted it to alfalfa. It was late in the season before the seed got in, but before it was harvested twice, yielding two crops the year it was sown. The Gerry ranch is situated on a high



THE FELT PENWIPER KITTEN.

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THE CHINESE CATS.

"So you've been to the cat show," they cried with one voice, "and didn't get a prize? Well, no wonder. How could you expect it? Now if we had been allowed to go we would all have got prizes."

"Are you cats?" gasped Pitti-Sing.

"Of course," said the queer beasts.

"But are you going to the show?" asked Pitti-Sing in awestruck tones.

"Oh, no!" said the cats in chorus. "We wouldn't care to associate with just common furry cats like you. This is what



"ARE YOU REALLY CATS?" ASKED PITTI-SING.

"What a question! You can't be much of a cat yourself to ask it. But of course you aren't or you would have won a prize. You oughtn't to have expected it anyway because you aren't made right. To be a really good prize winning cat one must be made of china or velvet or felt or wool."

"Mercy!" said Pitti-Sing. "How could I know that? All the cats I've seen are made of hair."

"Well, you know now," said the largest china cat crisply. "We have several here who might be entered in the china cat class and all would surely take prizes. Probably I should take the blue ribbon because I am large and very beautiful with an ingratiating grin and cabalistic spots all over me. The green china cat, I must say, has rather an unpleasant expression and so has the stalking pink china cat, but I presume they would carry off second and third."

"Oh, china's well enough," said the spider legged black velvet cat, "but dreadfully brittle and perfectly useless. Now a velvet cat is as faithful as a cat can be and is nearly always intended for a penmanship or a penmanship. The friends of man we may well be called. I think, myself, plain black velvet is much the most elegant and rare and undoubtedly would win first in the velvet class, with our striped friend under a good second."

"Second, indeed!" said the striped green and black penwiper cat. "You'll have to guess again about that. My father was Green Velvet and my mother Black Sam and if that does not entitle me to a first I don't know what would. Besides, I've got my hair parted in the middle."

"I'm the very nicest cat here and everybody knows it," purred the little black felt penwiper. "Nobody could resist me in my little Pierrot costume. I am the only one of my class and shall probably take all the prizes."

"Well, I've got a head just like yours, all soft wool, only mine's white, but I don't seem to have any body." It was the woolly ball penmanship that spoke.

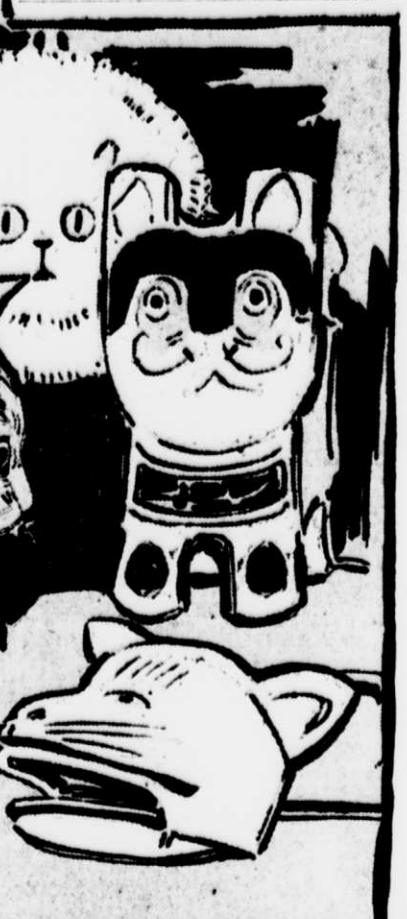
"That doesn't matter so much," said the black felt kitten, "but your eyes are

pink and that would bar you. Pink eyes are not allowed."

The Japanese and Chinese cats gabbled something in their native tongues, the white wool cat with the pink collar jingled its bells and the cakewalk cat did a turn just to show what might be expected of them.

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"ARE YOU REALLY CATS?" ASKED PITTI-SING.

would happen if there was a show where nothing but really aristocratic cats were admitted."

Pitti-Sing went back to the country next day with many surprising things to think of.

The heads of the cats were thrown, and the first fresh rose leaves are thrown, handful by handful, into the hopper of an ordinary kitchen meat chopper. A dish is placed beneath to catch the flood of juice that pours from them as they are ground, and all this juice is poured back upon the pulp. The mass of wet pulp is then spread on an iron baking pan. It is the contact with the iron which gives it the jet black, which is the eventual color of the beads.

For twenty-four hours the mass remains, occasionally turned and stirred with a knife to bring every portion into contact with the iron. Then the mass is run through the chopper again and laid back on the pan. This is done nine times in all. At the end of that time one has a fine, coal black dough with no resemblance to rose leaves but with all their scent.

At the end of the ninth day ordinarily the paste is rolled, but only experience can tell if it is exactly ready on that day or if it should dry a little longer. If too dry it can be moistened with a little water. When the paste is ready to roll it will retain any form into which it is moulded. If too hard it will crack.

For beads enough pulp is pinched out to make a bead as large again as is required. It is rolled into a sphere and left on a flat surface to harden. Twenty-four hours later it is rolled again, smoothed and compressed and left to harden another day. On the third day it is pierced. A wire or a hat pin may be used to pierce the beads through the center and the beads left upon the wire or pin to harden.

At this time or a little later the beads may be marked or carved with any design desired. Any small implement which will make an impression may be used. A hairpin has been known to achieve wonders in skilful hands.

The beads are left to dry until they have ceased shrinking. Then they are polished first by rubbing forcibly between dry palms, then between palms moistened with vaseline or cold cream. This gives them the polish of dull jet and the process is completed by drying them on a soft cloth. At any later time when the beads grow dull they may be restored to lustre by the palm and vaseline treatment.

The charm of these beads is that they long retain the rose odor. They may seem to lose it when worn in the open air, but regain it on being enclosed in a tight box in cotton wool. Necklaces, bracelets and watch fobs are made and hatpins may be achieved by dipping the head of the pin into glue and pressing it forcibly into the mass of pulp which has been chosen for the top.

In stringing these beads personal taste is followed. They may be used alone or they may be strung with two little gold beads after each large rose bead in long chains this is charming.

No white or pale roses will make these beads successfully. Only strong, heavy colored petals give a satisfactory result. Mrs. Hall computes that on the average it requires the petals of twelve roses to make one bead.

Each mass of pulp started must go through alone. Additions of pulp at an earlier stage of the process will ruin the whole. But beads from many different roses can be strung together.

GREATEST TELEPHONE SYSTEM.

With 1,330,000 Subscribers and Assets of Over \$200,000,000.

"The territory covered by the Greater New York Telephone Company," says U. N. Bethell in the *Telephone Review*, "is a snug little area of about 120,000 square miles, with a population of 20,000,000. It covers the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, parts of West Virginia and Ohio and a very small part of Connecticut."

"Roughly speaking, it lies between the Potomac on the south and the St. Lawrence on the north, stretching over beyond the Alleghenies to the territory around the headwaters of the Ohio on the west and to the Atlantic seaboard and the New England line on the east."

"In that territory we have about 1,330,000 telephones at the present time and the number is increasing very rapidly. New York city has about 600,000 of these stations, the rest of the State about 700,000, roughly speaking, has 365,000, or a total in this northern division of 765,000, against 560,000 in the Pennsylvania territory."

"With all of the duplications out of the balance sheet we find that we have total assets of something over \$200,000,000. There are about \$21,000,000 in real estate, in exchange lines \$6,500,000, in toll lines \$21,500,000, in equipment \$47,500,000 and in other plants \$5,500,000, bringing the total up to \$182,000,000 on plant alone."

"Such items as furniture and fixtures, tools, telephones and supplies, stocks and bonds, bills and accounts receivable and the cash on hand bring the total to \$222,000,000 of assets. During the first nine months of this year the operations have been on a scale that has produced about \$40,000,000 in gross earnings, of which \$20,000,000 have been taken in operating expenses, leaving \$10,000,000 for interest and dividends, surplus and reserve."

"I give these figures simply to give you some idea of the size of this 'Greater' New York Telephone Company. Relatively our snug little system is about one-third of the entire Bell system in the United States. It is fair to say that one-fourth of the stations and a little less than one-third of the employees, but we produce one-third of the gross and the net revenue, so that, making a composite picture, it is fair to say that this system is approximately one-third of the Bell system in the United States."

"Great Britain in area is about as large as our territory. Great Britain has about twice the population that we have; Great Britain has about one-half the number of telephones that we have; hence in development it is in its tank of Bermuda fishes such as it might be supposed to fancy, but it would have none of them, it would eat only on compulsion. The giant eel has no particular ailment, it was simply tired of being shut up."

There still remains in the tank one big green moray.

HEADS OF ROSE LEAVES.

An Art of the Middle Ages That Has Been Revived in Denver.

The art of making beads from rose leaves has recently been revived in Denver. It has lingered since medieval times in a few convents in France and Italy, but it was lost to the world until an American woman, Mrs. William W. Hall of Denver, discovered it in a Roman convent, learned the process and brought it home.

The Crusaders brought back from the Orient the secret of making attar of roses. A manufactory of this perfume was established near a convent in Italy, so runs the tradition. The perfume was made and the rose pulp remaining was thrown out as worthless. The nuns gathered up this odoriferous pulp and by experiment developed the art of making beads for rosaries from it.

First the fresh rose leaves are thrown, handful by handful, into the hopper of an ordinary kitchen meat chopper. A dish is placed beneath to catch the flood of juice that pours from them as they are ground, and all this juice is poured back upon the pulp. The mass of wet pulp is then spread on an iron baking pan. It is the contact with the iron which gives it the jet black, which is the eventual color of the beads.

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BIG GEMS IN LONG EARRINGS

PEAR SHAPED PEARLS WITH DIAMONDS FIRST CHOICE.

Flexibility a Feature of the Earrings for the New Most Fashionable—Emeralds Having a Vogue—New Style Collars and Corgage Pieces.

When long earrings made their reentry into society there were those who predicted short life for the fashion. Such predictions ceased with the opening of the 1910-11 season of opera. Perhaps never have so many magnificent specimens of long earrings been seen as at the performances at the Metropolitan Opera House.

A jeweller who of late has been drawing on his choicest pearls, diamonds, emeralds and other gems to fill earring orders told an inquirer that "pendant effect" was the most comprehensive description of the newest earrings he could give.

"A factor which helps to regulate the length of the costliest earrings is the preference shown by persons who can afford it for single enormous pearls, pear shaped and round, which it would be sacrilege almost to offer with smaller inferior stones. These usually are topped with a single comparatively small diamond. That is all. For this reason the length of the earring is somewhat curtailed."

"Elderly women and younger women alike show a preference for solitary pearl earrings. For that matter never in the history of precious stones has there been such a demand for first quality large pearls by New York women."

The jeweller fingered as he spoke four strings of pearls about fifteen inches long. One third of the pearls on each string were a little more than a third of an inch in diameter; the other two-thirds were slightly smaller.

"These I am taking apart," he said, "in order to use the largest stones in such to make up a string to fill a private order. We have to do this often, and the finer the pearls the sooner they are snapped up."

Reverting to earrings, he repeated that the costliest, and as some women think the most stylish earring of all consisted of a pear shaped pearl depending from a single diamond set near to the lobe of the ear but not pressing against it and set about one-eighth of an inch above the pearl. The diamond should not be more than one-half the size of the pearl; one-third the size is better.

A large stone of any kind next the ear is not seen in the best designs, which have a small top and branch out broader toward the bottom. Ongoing pearls swinging in a circle of small diamonds and topped with a diamond; two pearls connected with a chain of tiny diamonds headed with a single large diamond, and three pearls, two below and one above, topped with a diamond are among the newest designs.

Large diamonds, oval and round, are mounted similarly and in every case large stones must swing separately, be detached from circle or chain, which in turn must be perfectly flexible and graceful. Flexibility in fact is the keynote of this season's best designs in almost everything made of precious stones—collars, pendants, corsage ornaments, in all of which the drop or swinging effect leads.

All sorts of colored stones, with emeralds first, are combined with diamonds in long earrings. Some of the designs are nearly twice as long as the pearl varieties. The vogue of emeralds is really remarkable, the jeweller said, compared with the demand ten years or so ago, which was confined to a few of the wealthiest women.

Two solitary emeralds pendant in two circles of small alternate diamonds and emeralds is a very beautiful design. Others have emeralds, long and round, pendant in diamond circles headed with a solitary diamond.

Amethysts combined with diamonds and with pearls have a vogue probably because the color is peculiarly becoming to certain women. For earrings red stones are little used just now, although ten years ago they eclipsed emeralds. A reason for this, the jeweller thought, is the large quantities of imitation rubies now in the market, which are far less easy to detect than imitation emeralds.

Earrings of colored stones are usually ordered to match the corsage ornaments of the same design. Diamond or pearl earrings may be and are worn with corsage ornaments including colored stones, but earrings of colored stones should not be worn with pearl or diamond corsage ornaments.

To illustrate the flexibility of the newer designs the jeweller showed a wide pearl collar rimmed with or other supports, the pearls forming a close pattern and giving no stiffening. More remarkable was a four inch wide diamond collar, the stones mounted on platinum, describing an arc of the diamond collar. It was made entirely of diamonds and is worn attached to a diamond or pearl chain necklace a few inches below the throat. The back of the ornament is hollow, concealing a folded lorgnon, which is released by touching a spring.

Similar in size is an ornament which is a revelation of the jeweller's art and was designed on this side of the ocean. It has a background consisting of a mesh of fine diamonds on which in slightly larger diamonds is a raised figure of a woman. It is arranged to wear either pinned to the corsage or suspended from a chain.

An Indians "Rattles Day."

Dublin correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

One of the most unique celebrations recently was held in Hope, Ind. The day was characterized by "Rattles Day," and the campaign was conducted by high school girls.

Like nearly all American lassies, the Hope school girls had fallen victims to the hair cut. The village school authorities begged them to attend classes for at least one day without their artificial coiffures. The girls, however, refused the invitation for the novelty of the affair.

There was consternation, however, when the girls assembled "rattles" for the day. At least the teachers thought so. The girls, however, were not to be deterred. They reported that their heads would result at the end of the year if the girls were not given up to the novelty of the affair.

"Rattles Day" proved to be a great success, or at least the teachers thought so. The girls, however, were not to be deterred. They reported that their heads would result at the end of the year if the girls were not given up to the novelty of the affair.

The school authorities have not entirely given up hope, for they believe they can prevail on the girls to do away with a portion of the superfluous hair.

THE NEWEST WOMEN VOTERS

SOME WIDEAWAKE CITIZENS OF WASHINGTON STATE.

Women Successful in Business Life. Especially in Hotel Keeping, Real Estate and Fruit Farming. The Suffrage Leaders—Pioneering by Women.

To one who knows the women of the State of Washington it is not strange that they have recently obtained the right to vote. They were too able and wide awake a lot to be disregarded. The number of women who are an integral part of the business life of the State is surprising to an Easterner. Hotel keeping, real estate and fruit farming are three lines in which they have shown peculiar adaptability.

For instance, there is Mrs. Bertha Shaver, who runs a hotel in Spokane for which she pays \$1,000 a month rent. When she signed a five years lease of it last spring at \$12,000 a year she had no furniture for the 157 rooms. She moved her private effects into the great empty structure the first day and made arrangements to buy \$35,000 worth of furniture.

At the end of three days she had three suites furnished, and they were all occupied. No she went until the place was full, although it was in the summer months, when everything was supposed to be at its dulllest. Mrs. Shaver appears to have no more on her mind than any ordinary housewife. In fact she seems far more care free than many a woman who is looking after only her own house and children. This easy way in which Washington women handle affairs impresses the stranger.

The career of Mrs. Phoebe Cox, another Spokane hotel woman, gives an insight into how the thing is done. She came to Spokane eight years ago with \$800, saved from the proceeds of keeping boarders. To-day she owns a hotel of 120 rooms, a large apartment house, a \$6,000 residence, an orchard of 600 trees and two mining claims.

With her original \$800 she took a house of fifteen rooms, for which she was to pay \$1,000. In one year she had brought it to such a profitable point that she traded it for a consideration of \$4,300, which included an equity in two houses and a mortgage of \$1,500. Mrs. Cox is great at trading. She traded the equity for a ten acre tract, on which she

planted her 600 trees. The mortgage she traded for six city lots. All this out of the first \$800, plus brains and hard work. Her hotel was a hotbed of suffrage propaganda throughout the recent campaign.

Miss Nell Colburn is one of the most active real estate agents in Spokane. She had charge of the silverware department in the largest department store in Spokane for five years. Then she decided that she could sell land just as well as silver and get more fun and profit out of it. One of her first achievements was to sell one of the finest residences in Spokane, which had been listed for a long time with every real estate firm in the city. Miss Colburn was an officer of the Spokane Suffrage Club during the recent campaign and the president of that organization, Mrs. A. P. Fassett, was a successful forist.

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